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conversation, the following copy of a document in my possession will show.*

“ ‘People of Ireland!—My dear countrymen, after nine years’ fighting and hardships, I have had the pleasure of seeing these beautiful provinces free from the Spanish yoke, and now enjoying a republican form of government, and true happiness and independence. The country is a beautiful one. there is a great abundance of the best land in the world, but very few men and women to occupy, or to till the ground.

“ ‘I have chosen this province for my residence. Here I intend to found the colony of New Erin—as green, fertile, and flourishing, as our poor old native land. The province of Tarija is much larger than Ireland, and our colony may be more extensive than its largest country; or, perhaps, than any two countries.

“ ‘Men of Ireland! here is the home of all those who wish to make New Erin their home. The poorest of my countrymen will be received by me with open arms—they are of my flesh and blood; and after working for a short time to make me a house, they shall be provided with a good one for themselves, with everything necessary; a good cow, horse, pig, and poultry, at the door, and the crop for the year in their haggard. This house and land will be theirs for ever, and no man shall have the power to put them out of it. They will not be asked for rent—more than to help now and then, on a hurry day, for the general good. They will be completely masters of their own for ever.

“ ‘Irishmen! this is not an adventurer’s trick to deceive you. This is the genuine offer of your father, your brother, your friend, your countryman, to share among you what he has gained with his sword. Come to his arms—you will find in him a protector: by his side you will find health, prosperity, and happiness.—Given under my hand and seal, in the city of Tarija, 24th June, 1827.

(L.S.) “ ‘FRANCIS BURDETT O’CONOR.’

“ ‘I am not sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances of the case to say, whether or not it was an address, proclamation, or invitation like the foregoing, that, somewhat about sixty years ago, induced 500,000 Tourgouths to emigrate from the shores of the Caspian Sea to the frontiers of China; or if an equal number of Irishmen are now likely to ‘cut their sticks,’ and set out in quest of ‘the health, happiness, and independence, so liberally offered to them by the gallant commandant-general of the province of Tarija. But this I can, with all truth, assure the ‘People of Ireland,’ that ‘it is not an adventurer’s trick,’ but the honest effusion of a generous, though rather too sanguine mind; for, no doubt, it will be suspected, that like the generality of his liberal countrymen, he has permitted the national feeling of hospitality to carry him a little beyond what he has either power to execute or means to support. A colony of ‘the poorest of my countrymen,’ to be transported from the banks of the Shannon to the vale of Ta-

* “ ‘On my return to England from South America, I found all speculations connected with that country so ‘stale, flat, and unprofitable,’ as to leave me, even in the fulness of my zeal, without the most distant hope of reviving them, by giving publicity at that period to the animated address, proclamation, or invitation, with which I was, and still am, personally charged, and on which I am duly authorized to act, in such wise as shall seem fitting unto me, for the benefit of all persons concerned, or likely to be concerned, either in the Old World or the New.”

rija, and there (each man, I suppose,) to be put in possession of ‘a good cow, horse, pig, poultry, and stocked haggard,’ would require a larger capital than my friend, in his munificence, has deigned to consider. It is, however, but justice to him and to ‘the People of Ireland,’ to state, that by far the least difficulty in the present case is to provide the ‘colony of New Erin’ with beautiful land in the beautiful province of Tarija, or even with a year’s subsistence in advance, but the difficulty of getting there is—quite another thing. I have already given my opinion on the subject of ‘health, prosperity, and happiness,’ as well here as in other parts of South America—‘Industry, with some little means,’ I have said, cannot fail to prosper; but, industry and poverty will not do. I, therefore, consider it my duty, being a party concerned, to recommend to the ‘poorest of my countrymen’ to seek to better their condition a little nearer home, than in the beautiful province of Tarija.”

The Vale of Tempe, and other Poems. By H. Newton. A. B. Dublin; Curry, and Co. and Hurst, Chance, and Co. London; 12mo. pp. 106.

THE author of this little volume is, we have been told, a Greek by birth, though a graduate of the University of Dublin. It is a pretty little poem enough, displaying a good deal of amiable and religious feeling, in tolerably smooth verse, but without much of poetic fire flashing about it; we shall not absolutely say, that

‘Pure description holds the place of sense’ in its pages, but in sooth there is so little of a distinctive character about the story, that we can give no very satisfactory account of it, save that it concerns a rustic family in the smiling vale of Tempe, two members of which, a brother and a lover, as well as we could make out, of Medora, the lily of the happy valley, go forth to repel one of the annual invasions of the Goths, and then comes, “end of Canto first,” and “Minor Poems,” without further intimation as to what we may expect from Mr. Newton’s future labours. We think the description of the vale affords a favourable specimen of the author’s powers:

Oh! where on earth is found the favour’d spot,
That far remov’d from scenes of human strife,
Might seem to grant some little of that lot—
Some remnant of that pure unearthly life!
Where Nature’s wildest and sublimest scene
Extends, with all that can adorn it crown’d,
And seems its race as tranquil and serene,
As th’ earthly Paradise that smiles around.
Such is the vale our happy race can boast,
Where Penens dark, meand’ring through the wild,
In foaming cataracts successive toss’d,
Roars, in its mountain labyrinth beguild.
Hence Ossa tow’ring from its sable deep
Waves o’er the rushing flood his sounding groves,
As dark beneath his pine-encircled steep,
Around his base the mazy torrent roves.
Hence huge Olympus, as a giant-form,
His forehead rears, hoar with eternal frost,
Beneath him rolling views the thunder-storm,
And shrouds his head in low’ring vapour lost.
And Tempe crown’d with forest winds between,
Whose verdant hills, that line the curving stream,
Successive rise, and mellow in the scene
In azure distance, yet unending seem.
Here zephyrs ever from the mountains sweep,
And temperate airs along the stream descend,
And sable pines wave shadowing o’er its deep,
Or pendant laurels tremulous o’er its bend.
Here as one kindred shares our peaceful race
The native charm that richly round them glows,
For all that Nature’s bosom can embrace,
All that her hand luxuriantly bestows,
Here smiles throughout her richly varied scene:
Or where the steep frowns in the mountain wild,
Above whose banks of never-fading green,
Height beyond snowy height successive pil’d,
Uphold the stormy clouds incumbent round;
Or on their shadowy undulating base

The bloom of spring and harvest wealth abound;
And grove, and dell, and wooded lowland grace
A scene for ever bright, for ever new;
Hence none forsake their happy native plain,
Or foreign climes, and foreign toils pursue,
Or cross the seas in quest of wretched gain.
But near the wood-girt cottage, where each drew
His infant breath, endures his homely care,
Contented, so that cottage meets his view,
For still his heart, his all are center’d there.”
So sung Leander, while the festive throng
As sweetly warbled as their leader sung,
And some with voice accompanied the song,
Some to that lay their lute melodious strung.
On one side distantly was seen the main,
Where th’ opening vale and wid’ning thither led,
As tow’rds the west extended far the plain
Of Tempe, to the base of Pelion spread.

Of the minor poems we have little to say, but there is an unhappy combination of absurdity and ignorance in the single sentence of prose that accompanies them, which we cannot pass in silence, and which coming from an A. B. is perfectly astounding and unaccountable. “All these latter poems,” it is written, “were composed between the author’s eighteenth and twenty-second year, just as he could snatch a moment from the dry fatigue of poetical college study, especially Aristotle’s Rhetoric, and the useless and vain fustian of Cicero de Oratore.” This young gentleman must, most undoubtedly, be in the same unhappy plight as Mons. Jourdain in Moliere’s Bourgeois gentilhomme, who had been talking prose for forty years without knowing it.

Unquestionably if Mr. Newton ever dipped into the two most admirable Greek and Latin treatises he so foolishly affects to sneer at, he was unconsciously perusing prose, however he may have mistakenly supposed the contrary.—As to the *dry fatigue* of reading such authors as Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, or Virgil, Juvenal and Horace, which really form the course of poetical college study, however *dry* the productions of these dull wits may appear in Mr. Newton’s judgment, we fear the stupid world will still continue to account them almost as useful and delightful reading, as even Mr. N’s. minor poems.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Mauder’s Treasury of Knowledge:

Part I.—Being a new and enlarged Dictionary of the English language, &c. preceded by a compendious English Grammar, with verbal distinctions; and the whole surrounded by morals, maxims and proverbial aphorisms, in alphabetical order:

Part II.—Comprising a new universal Gazetteer, with population and other tables.—A Compendious Classical Dictionary, followed by scripture proper names accented, a chronological analysis of general history, a dictionary of law terms and various useful addenda. London; S. Maunder.

WE have copied the title so much at length, because it gives only a fair account of the contents of the book, which is really a curious and valuable, as well as very cheap production. It is a Cyclopædia of human knowledge, a treatise de omni scibile, in one thick volume, printed in double columns, with all manner of wise saws and modern instances, verbal distinctions, corrections of false grammar, and Latin and English maxims and mottoes garnishing the margins of every page, that no space may be lost. It is in truth, a “Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference,” carefully and intelligently compiled, and embellished with two beautiful plates, by Brooke, from designs by Romney.